Gentleman: but *Anne* loues him not, for *I* know *Ans* minde as well as another do's, out vpon't, what haue *I* forgot. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Miſtris Page, Miſtris Ford, Maſter Page, Maſter Ford, Piſtoll, Nim, Quickly, Hoſt, Shallow.

Mi. Page. What, haue *I* ſcap'd Loue-letters in the holly-day-time of my beauty, and am *I* now a ſubiect for them? let me ſee.

Aske me no reaſon why I loue you, for though Loue vſe Reaſon for his preciſian, hee admits him not for his Counſailour: you are not young, no more am I: goe to then, there's ſimpathie: you are merry, ſo am I: ha, ha, then there's more ſimpathie: you loue ſacke, and ſo doe I: would you deſire better ſimpathie? Let it ſuffice thee (Miſtris Page) at the leaſt if the Loue of Souldier can ſuffice, that I loue thee: I will not ſay, pitty mee, 'tis not a Souldier-like phraſe; but I ſay, loue me:

By me, thine owne true Knight, by day or night:
Or any kinde of light, with all his might,
For thee to fight, *IohnFalſtaffe.*

What a *Herod* of *Iurie* is this? O wicked, wicked world. One that is well-nye worne to peeces with age To ſhow himſelfe a young Gallant? What an vnwaied Behauiour hath this Flemiſh drunkard pickt (with The Deuills name) out of my conuerſation, that hee dares *In* this manner aſſay me? why, hee hath not beene thrice *In* my Company, what ſhould *I* ſay to him? *I* was then Frugall of my mirth: (heauen forgiue mee,) why ile Exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting downe of men, how ſhall I be reueng'd on him? for reueng'd I will be? as ſure as his guts are made of puddings.

Miſ. Ford. Miſtris Page, truſt me, I was going to your houſe.

Miſ.

Miſ. Page. And truſt me, I was going to you very ill.

Miſ. Ford. Nay, ile nere beleeue that; I haue the contrary.

Miſ. Page 'Faith but you doe in my minde.

Miſ. Fords Well: I doe then; yet I ſay, I you to the contrary; O Miſtris *Page*, giue mee ſaile.

Miſ. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Miſ. Ford. O woman; if it were not for one ſpect, I could come to ſuch honour.

Miſ Page. Hang the trifle (woman) take th what is it? diſpence with trifles; what is it?

Miſ Ford. If I would but goe to hell, for an e ment, or ſo; I could be knighted.

Miſ. Page. What thou lieſt? Sir *Alice Ford*? the will hacke, and ſo thou ſhouldſt not alter the ar Gentry.

Miſ Ford. Wee burne day-light; heere, r perceiue how I might be knighted, I ſhall think of fat men, as long as I haue an eye to make di mens liking; and yet hee would not ſwea womens modeſty; and gaue ſuch orderly and ued reproofe to all vncomelineſſe, that I would his diſpoſition would haue gone to the tru words: but they doe no more adhere and keep gether, then the hundred Pſalmes to the tune o ſleeues: What tempeſt (I troa) threw this Whal many Tuns of oyle in his belly) a'ſhoare at Win ſhall I be reuenged on him? I thinke the beſt to entertaine him with hope, till the wicked fire melted him in his owne greaſe. Did you euer like?

Miſ. Page. Letter for letter; but that the *Page* and *Ford* differs; to thy great comfort in ſtery of ill opinions, heer's the twyn-brother o ter; but let thine inherit firſt, for I proteſt n ſhall: I warrant hee hath a thouſand of theſe L